Herskovits & Herskovits 3-5 (1929-1932) 1934
[illegible] Bush Negroes [illegible]
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501 609 "It is not good," he said aloud to us. "Its balance is not right. Look, it rolls . . . and besides, I have a kunu. I will go up in my own boat."

And so it was. Sedefo took his own boat up river, and another Gankwe boat was obtained, and there were four boats instead of three, and eight paddlers instead of six.

"Ya-hai! Kunu is costly for the white man as well as the black," Bayo said to Bibilo, his great-grandfather, for it was not his father, nor his grandfather, as he had later promised, who appeared to steer the boat in which Bayo was taking the Bakra and his woman up the river.

3

• 502 484 Bayo was at his best on the river. He loved it, and it treated him well. In the prow of the boat, swinging his pole-stick hand over hand, he steadily urged the boat upstream against the current, and sang as he poled.

533 541 "*A-yai-ye,*
A-yai-ye,
Money is finished in Suriname
Lower Cayenne took it!
A-yai-ye,
A-yai-ye."

[533] Over and over he repeated the seketi, with tantalizing variations in rhythm and melody on the traditional air, to which he knew so many sets of words. In and out went the pole-stick. In, until it struck the sand with a soft caressing glide, then a hard push, and three shuffling back steps, the boat until Bayo's hand reached the upper end of the wood, and a final thrust, then pull, and over, and in, and once again the three short steps.

The other boats had got ahead. In the distance close to the bank they followed one another.

"*Mbongo, mbongo*—Hurry!" said old Bibilo in back.

Bayo turned and grinned. "*Ai, mbongo, mati, mbongo*—Yes, hurry, friend, hurry," he twitted his great-grandfather,

Melville J. Herskovits & Frances S. Herskovits Surinam Research (1928-1952) 1934
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but he did face about, and forgetting his seketi began to puke in earnest.

In a few moments his body glistened with the exertion, and over the circle and snake of kamemba in the small of his back the perspiration ran down in a trickle. When he had almost caught up he slackened his speed, and he and Bibilo talked about the river. Old Bibilo knew the river well. He was born beyond the Granman's country. A snake swam across the path of the boat, Boyo said. It was good luck. "See, look," he called. His eyes were sharp. The old man saw it, too, and then he called to us. There, close to the shore, a little ahead of us, a constrictor twined its tail about a liana, hanging head down, with a salamander slowly disappearing into its mouth. There was a slight jerk, the liana shook, the snake swallowed, and another bit of the salamander was out of sight.

Farther ahead we heard the report of a gun, and the crying of the mate of the wounded bird followed us for a long while. Boyo and Bibilo identified each cry, called by name the things that grew, planned about their timber rafts when they got back, until the next rapids were reached and passed and the conversation could be resumed, and then they talked about things which they did not care to have the Bakra know, and though they spoke none of the words of their ritual language, we could not understand anything they said. It was not until later that we learned to work out some of the elisions in their speech.

A strip of sandy beach showed where a village stood, and as we passed it, we could see the anang, the spiritual guard of palm fronds, preventing evil spirits from entering the village. We saw also a strip of white hanging from the end of a stick which had been put up for the ancestors, and beyond, the low shelter for the roughly carved and weather-eyed image holding an obia pot on its head. Under the anang the path stretched like a narrow ribbon which was soon lost as the walls of green converged.

"Is that another village?" we said, pointing at a pale stretch across the river.

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have the necessary time to prepare the cassava. A man cannot count on finding food to buy. Food is often scarce and, especially when crops have not been good—a state of affairs these Bush Negroes know only too well—each household has need of all the food it has grown.

Anikaau, whose cassava bread was fresh, bathed in the river and changed his dripping loin cloth, spreading out the one he had removed so that it might dry. Bayo washed his second best cloth, for the sun was strong, and it was well to get it fresh and uncreased. So the men busied themselves getting their supplies in order for the journey which was not yet taxing, but would grow more difficult during the next few days, with heavy rapids, great distances between villages, and more exertion needed to strike a village before dark overtook them.

Even so it was time to be off, Sedelo decided, replacing the cassava cakes—which in a few moments had lost their mold—for the next rapids were something to be reckoned with. Again the four dugouts were on their way, and it was a brave sight to see the four pole-men swinging their long sticks with measured regularity, and the upward leaping three steps, and the down-running steps, and the seated paddlers dipping their carved blades into the water with a slight twist at the end of each stroke to counteract the effect of the push of the man at the bow, to keep the canoe headed straight into the current.

Ahead, in the leading canoe, the man at the bow waved his hand to us, indicating directions to our men. We could see him put the whole length of his pole in the water three times, then lay it along the gunwale of his dugout and, taking up his paddle, begin to stroke in time with the man at the stern of his boat.

"*Mfando*," said Bayo to Bihifo. "Deep."

As we approached the deep water, Bayo with a flip of his paddle sent our dugout heading into the stream, to be caught up by the current at the center and taken down and across by the impact of the water against the boat. The boats in front had done the same, had cut across to the

other bank, and now as we reached the opposite shore, we saw the small opening of a minor channel which we were to take. With astonishing nicety the tip of the juncture of the main stream and this smaller channel was reached at the same instant. Loin cloths were adjusted, and once more the pole-men took up their pole-sticks and continued the slow passage against the current.

The boats were now again traveling close to the bank, so that the details of the forest which fringed the river could be clearly seen. Straight from the water rose the wall of sheer green, all of a dark, almost dull purplish color—a wall of fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty feet and more, as the lianas dropped down from the upper branches of the great trees which gave these parasitic growths their support. Here and there we saw a brilliant wing of a bird, and a Bush Negro, ever ready to augment his meager food supply, would unlimber an ancient shotgun, steady himself, and shoot. In Sedefo's canoe, Angita, his pole-man, saw a blue and golden macaw silhouetted as it sat on a slender branch. Out came the shotgun. The macaw, startled but unhit, flew to another branch farther upstream. We crept slowly, noiselessly ahead, and when we were close by Angita shot again, and missed again. The macaw now did not trouble to fly away, and when Angita made aim once more, Sedefo stopped him.

"No, mati—Let him be, friend. The gods are protecting him. Put away your gun."

Again we cut across, as we regained the wide channel, this time so that the men might speak their errand to the spirit of their great ancestor, the god of the large creek. We did not go too close, however, and all we could see was an asang again, the spiritual guard of palm fronds, and beyond the whitened trunk of a tree and a slender stick with a bit of white cotton attached to its end.

Sedefo spoke conversationally. "*Aso*—ancestor—we are going up the river. We are working for the American Bak'a. We are on our way to the G'ama's country. Grant

J: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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that we walk the Bak'a with pleasure, that he treat us well, that we walk in safety. Thank you."

The men in the other canoes, who had gathered about Sedefo's boat, clapped their hands, as Sedefo had done, and said "Thank you," then took up their paddles.

We had noticed that when Sedefo spoke, Bibifo's lips had moved, as though he were either repeating the prayer, or speaking his own, but when the others joined in the voiced "Gran' tangi!" he was silent.

"Did you pray, Bayo?" we asked. Yes, he had. He had prayed for us, too. Did Bibifo also pray for the white man? But before Bibifo could answer, Bayo laughed aloud.

"Bibifo is *kerèi sama*—a church man. Call him Adrian, it will please him. I call him Bibifo, nothing else."

"And you, Bayo?"

"I—you will take me with you to Africa. I want to learn African obia, and come back to the Saramacca, and be a big obia man here on the river."

5

Old Bibifo accepted his great-grandson's jibes with good humor. We were sorry for the old fellow who was so little at ease with the other men, and was so mercilessly twitted by the youngster in the bow.

If the old man were to make a suggestion to him about a channel which Bayo had decided against, then he would turn brazenly, and exclaim, "Massa cow!" This is part of the proverb which says that a man who owns the cow has the best right to say where it shall graze. If Bibifo objected when Bayo attempted to do something that seemed impossible, he would face about smilingly and say, "The power which has raised the monkey from the ground and taught it to live safely in the trees is not dead yet."

"Bibifo," we said, making conversation with the old man, "Why do we go close to the shore?"

"In the center the current is swift and the river deep. When we go in the center, then we use only paddles. It is

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too deep for the pole-stick. When we go in the center, it is slow. . . . *Kosi go!*—Cut across!" he shouted in his shrill voice, as our boat and the others after us veered over to the other side of the stream where the current was less strong.

"How do you know just where these places are?" we asked. "There are so many channels, so many islands. How can you tell?"

"*Ma, kye!* What would you? I belong to this bush. An old man knows his river."

Steadily the boats went ahead in this long, quiet stretch. For fully half an hour the men worked in silence, doggedly going upstream close to the bank, until under the shade of a tree they saw a boat resting.

"Tio, odi! Tio, odi!" Each of our men addressed the two in the boat.

"Tangi, tio! Tio, odi," they answered each one, until finally they said, "Odi, Bak'a," greeting the stranger last, as was the custom.

Our men explained, "We are going to the Saramacca country, up the river to the Granman. We are carrying the Bakra to the Granman. They belong to America country. They traveled in a fire ship for twenty-one nights and days to come to the Saramacca. Twenty-one nights and days, mati, without resting. *G'an sundyi*—A great state of affairs."

The man said, "We come from the Marowyne. The river is high. The next rapids are difficult. Let us travel together."

And so we were five canoes. Ahead, we could already hear the dull murmur which would soon crescendo to the final roar. This was the water pouring over the first rocks in the distance.

"What rapids are these?"

"We must not talk about this here. Wait until we pass them. If we speak the name, the spirit will come, and he will be angry. The boat might go over. We might lose part of our load."

Now we came closer to the line of white, which rose higher and higher. Except for the bits of white foam like

[illegible] Herskovits & Herskovits E-8 (1928-1929) 1934
[illegible] Bush Negroes [illegible]
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saliva coming downstream, the water below the rapids gave in its calmness little hint of the turbulence beyond. The boats gathered for a discussion.

"This is the best place."

"No, here."

"There, to the side."

The bow men had jumped out and were reconnoitering, shouting at each other from their respective rocks. At last the strangers' ideas prevailed. At the side was best, there, close to the shore, but an overhanging branch or two would have to be struck off. Bayo swam back to our boat to get his machete and, wading up the stream along the bank, slashed at the obstruction. He struck again, and the limb bent, struck once more, and down it fell, coming toward us with lightning rapidity as it was caught by the full force of the current.

"Look out, look out!" Sedefo shouted, as the jagged point made for the boat of the strangers. But the men had already perceived the danger to their canoe, and one of them had jumped into the water and caught at some twigs, diverting the main branch so that it only grazed the side.

Now all was clear, and they were ready to start. The heaviest boat, that of the strangers, would be the first to go. Both the men in it took up poles and, with a firm shove, their boat was in the thick of it.

"Ha'i! ha'i!" they cried, and first the prow man would force the boat slowly forward, and then would hold the advantage he had gained while the pole-man in the stern caught his stick in the rocky bottom and pushed with a force that bent the strong wood.

Our men stood by, ready to help.

"The boat is slipping!" Sedefo cried.

And it was true. Into the roaring water jumped Bayo and Angita, and swam out to reach the boat which was losing more and more ground and might at any instant crash downwards. Balancing themselves on the slippery rocks, half wading, half swimming, they grasped its sides and pulled in unison with the pole-man's urging "*Hai!*

Herskovits & Herskovits R-6 (1933-1939) 1934
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kali, kai'—Haul! haul, brother!" Now they had stopped its backward motion. "Hali!" Now the boat gained headway. "Hali!" And this time the prow tilted clear over the top of the rapids and, with another push and another, it was in the still water above.

Three men and not two returned to take our boat, for we were next, being next heaviest, and only one man was needed to keep the boat that had been through the dangerous stretch in its place in the quiet water. In climbed Bayo, and Sedefo took the old man's position. Into the water jumped the other two, this time swimming through the fast water farther away from shore to where some rocks projected from the white foam. For Sedefo had different ideas about the best passage. We were, in fact, to try to make it where the force of the water was greatest, near the center of the stream.

"*Koni go! Okai no ma, okai no ma!*—Cut across! Cut over more, more!" shouted Sedefo as we headed across and down the river toward a partly submerged rock.

"Massa Nengere, 'kai no mo!"

"Kai, kai, mati!"

With a grunt, he pushed in his pole-stick just as we reached it, holding fast as the boat swung about, and Bayo once more dug among the rocks on the bottom to obtain a fresh grip.

"*Okai, okai!*—Turn, turn!" he shouted above the noise of the water. The cries were frantic, but Sedefo knew the river too well for it to trick him, and as the head of the boat was about to be caught and swirled broadside against another rock, the first of the men from the other boats caught it and righted it about. It was as he had planned.

"Hali!" and, with four pairs of strong arms tugging, we could feel the pull as the boat went forward amid the white-capped water. "Hali!" and the quiet of the river above the falls could be seen just beyond the prow. "Hali!" and we, too, were in still water.

The old man again took his place in our boat, and Sedefo went back to bring his own dugout through. The three

smaller boats were to be brought up each by its own men. Each selected a place, and the shrill shouted directions could be heard above the falling water. Up, up, they came, the man at the stern holding with his stick, the man at the head up to his shoulders in water, tugging, pulling, hauling the boat over. Once Asikanu's pole slipped, and his boat swung toward a rock, but it caught again and he held it with the fierceness of a man defending himself against an enemy, and then he, too, cut across and found the firmness of the friendly sandy bottom.

But when the five boats were at last together above the falls, out came machetes to sharpen the ends of the pole-sticks, for an encounter such as they had had the moment before shredded the hard wood into fiber.

Ahead the water was still. The hard work of this day was over. The men straightened their loin cloths and again began to make their way along the banks of the river. The village where we would camp that night was somewhere before us. The sun was nearing the treetops, and the shrieking pairs of parrots were flying over us to the west, seeking their roosting places.

The short dusk was upon us.

"It is not far," said Bayo, speaking of the village ahead.

"Will we get there before dark?"

"*Massa Gadu sabi*—God alone knows."

"*No fé', Bal'a*—Don't be afraid. We know the river."

The Bush Negro and his river! Seeing the prodigious strength of the men, their great knowledge of current and rocks and channels, one was not afraid. Softly the pole-sticks slid into the sand banks, softly the paddles dipped, and Bayo sang his seketi.

"*N'an g'wa a Landi*
A i'ã' ko' de muye."

J: Herskovits & Herskovits E-8 (1928-1929) 1934
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was needful, and since then he had often made prayer to his boat, and the boat had carried him safely.

But this is what happened.

On our fourth day up the river we were on our way early, because the men said the falls ahead were difficult, and they wanted to be through them before they stopped to eat. It took us more than an hour to pass the rapids, for the land rose higher and higher, and the water cascaded from one ledge to the next, often in curving channels of swift water that were too deep to allow the use of pole-sticks, and too swift for the paddles to cope with. [133]

There were also those stretches which were without the piled rocks to give the men a footing for pulling the boats over, so that a rope had to be used, and the going was slow and treacherous. Each of the dugouts had this long rope fastened to its prow, and ahead, on the first ledge, were two or more of the men, the other end of the rope in hand, waiting for the signal to start hauling, while holding on to the sides of the boat as they swam were as many men as could be spared, so that if the rope broke, the boat would not be swept downstream, to go crashing against the rocks. These men who faced the fast water of their river, worked as though at the sight of it their Kromanti fighting spirit had entered their bodies, as if not men were there, but an impersonal force pitting itself against the force of the river. Even where the water was not too deep, and they could haul the boat, care could not be slackened for an instant—a wrong turn, and the boat would be capsized, or, what would be as serious, the impact of a rock might cut a gash in its side or bottom, filling it with water faster than they could manage to bring it to a bank. But at last the sound of the falling water was behind us, and the men, once they were in the still water again, went on with the casualness that they fell into with their river when the danger was over, and cast about for a pleasant place to stop and eat.

All at once there was a shout from behind us. Each boat echoed it shrilly. What's that? Whose boat?

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It was Sedefo's boat, there in the distance, tilted to one side in what looked to us like still water. The other canoes turned and paddled furiously to reach him, but he had righted his boat before they could come alongside him, and was off down the river to recover what he had lost. The water had claimed the basket back of the tarpaulin-covered load, and a carved paddle which had slipped off when the canoe tilted. The basket belonged to Sedefo. It held his food for the journey up river and the downgoing. The paddle was also his—the finest he had—and had been intended for ceremonial usage when he called as spokesman for us on village heads asking for a night's hospitality, and particularly at the Granman's village, and still later on the way home, when he brought political messages in behalf of his clan to friendly clans along the way he passed. He also lost his best cloth; it was not just a piece of striped cotton a man bought in the white man's store; it had been patiently and dexterously pieced together from many pieces [291] of cloth, plain and striped, in a pattern which was known to the ancestors. His young second wife had made it for him. Her first child was an infant at her breast. When she heard about this, she would think of Sedefo's kunu, and be afraid. Was it so big a kunu that it would punish a child of his wife's family, too?

This is what the men said while the boats waited for Sedefo to return from his vain search down the rapids. The [296] men had not expected him to recover the things lost. When kunu took, there was nothing that could be done. And it was kunu. The *Bakra-sani*—the white man's things—had remained in the boat unharmed! We looked at the few rocks against which the boat had crashed. They showed plainly above the water, and the current about them made so small a break in the still water that the spirit of this ruffled piece had never disclosed its name, had never before received notice. The three other canoes had gone through without even the grunts from the paddlers which came when the going was hard, for all that was necessary was to go straight for the rocks, let the current swing the boat

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around, give a strong thrust with the pole-stick, and the canoe was through—a bit of child's play.

We were soon again to see Sedefo's kunu strike. This time it was almost at dusk. The men, it appeared, would not be able to make the village we had planned on for the night. In half an hour it would be dark, and here we were fully two hours' fast traveling from our intended destination. Overhead clouds were coming up from the east. The sky was rapidly becoming overcast. Rain—and everywhere the impenetrable wall of green, rising dark and forbidding. To make camp where we were would have taken at least two hours, and it was growing darker and darker. The men refused to clear the underbrush in the dark.

It seemed, however, that five minutes upstream on the opposite bank and only a little to the south of where we had stopped to talk things over was a village, the name of which when we heard it we recognized as one of the two we had been asked not to visit. There was nothing to do but to brave the displeasure of the Granman and stop there; so turning we headed our boats toward the opposite shore.

In midstream a great wind came up, a wind that in suddenness and force is only met in the tropics. The men shrieked and shouted and struggled until our boats reached shore. But Sedefo's boat, which was the second, seemed to be lifted bodily out of the water. We could see a black mass being heaved up . . . the black tarpaulin was overboard going downstream, and Sedefo after it.

The wind subsided as quickly as it had sprung up, and when Sedefo came back sometime later, he carried the dripping tarpaulin on his head. He did not drink the rum we gave to warm him, but poured it over his hands and his boat as an offering.

The next day we talked with Bayo about kunu.

"Why is it, Bayo, that Sedefo lost his food in the still water? Was it because he felt safe and didn't take care in such small rapids?"

"No," he said promptly, "that's how kunu works. A man travels on the river all his life. He goes over small

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rapids and large rapids. He carries loads and returns to his own village. But then something happens. His boat is good. He walks *dowi*—carefully—but he loses his food, or his entire load, or his boat, or even his life. Something is working against him. It might be *wisi*—bad magic; it might be kunu. If you have kunu, then your enemies can make their bad magic work against you. So it is."

"But what is kunu, Bayo?"

He hesitated.

We assured him that there was no harm in our asking. We had been hearing so much about it, first about Zimbi, and how he had died from a cut with his machete. Now this machete had worked for him since he was a boy, and then he cut himself, and then, having cut himself, he became sick and died. People said down below this was kunu. What did it mean?

But he still hesitated and looked about him until at last when he spoke, he gave the answer we were coming to know so well—"*Massa Gadu taki*—God knows"—that answer that was the signal that not alone Massa Gadu, but the one who invoked his name in protection against Bakra questions, knew the answer quite well but meant to keep his own counsel. For to talk of these matters is not good, we had been told before by Sedefo.

It was Bibifo who brought up kunu again when Bayo stepped out of the boat for an instant.

"Better not talk to Bayo about kunu, Bakra. There is a very big kunu in Bayo's family. He does not mean to lie to the Bakra when he doesn't talk, but it is better for him not to tell you about it. We Saramacca people say: 'A snake bit me. I see a worm, I am afraid.' Do not ask him more."

2

But the Bush Negro has many sayings, and it was a different proverb from that which Bibifo had quoted to us that guided us in our tortuous course in search of an understanding of kunu.

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We would proceed a short distance, and we would ask again, "Aren't those drums speaking?"

"Women are pounding rice."

But when we had asked the third time, he remained silent for a while, straining for the sound as though he could barely distinguish it. "Ya-hai, it's the apinti talking."

Some distance from Godo, which is situated just below the Tapa Wata falls, a small boat came up to us, paddled by one man. Bibifo whispered to us that this was Sungi, the head of the Kasito clan, and we knew that we were somewhere in the vicinity of the sacred village of Dahomey. He had come to pilot our boats into the Pikien Rio, he explained, after the greetings were over:

"Farther ahead others will come to help your boats up the rapids. I am here to show you the best course through this rough water. The G'aman has sent me to you. He awaits you."

"Bayo," we said, when Chief Sungi had left us to head up our little flotilla, "show us the landing place of Dahomey when we pass it."

We knew that we could not set foot in Dahomey, for it is the seat of the Bush Negro's most potent magic. Whether there is that in the village which the white man may not see, or whether, as we had been told, the natives do not wish to tempt the fates by bringing there those who would be doomed by the magic which kills the white man if he but treads on its earth, no one could say. But we had been warned that it would be of no avail to ask to be taken to Dahomey.

"Did you hear us, Bayo?"

"Ai!"

When we spoke to him again about the Dahomey landing place, however, he showed great astonishment. He had pointed it out to us, he said. How was it that we now asked about it again?

"It must be that it was with you like it was with the other white man who wanted to see Dahomey," he said.

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Mataibo, the head of Yankuso's village, who was entrusted with the safe passage of our boats, came to announce that the men had done loading. Before the morning was yet well advanced we left the house, and with the Granman under his umbrella, which was the highest of insignia, passed to the river bank.

Our friends were there—the bassia, and Dida, and Amasina, and the Granman's wives and his little grandson, who shouted to us, "*Waka bon, yo'o!*—Travel well, you hear!" in the best manner of his elders. Again three guns sounded, and once more we were on the river, looking up at the people of these villages of the Pikien Rio who were waving to us from the shore.

Going down the river was restful. The enjoyment of the easy motion of the boats was felt in the manner of the paddlers themselves. Now there was no hard poling against the heavy current. As canoes were urged on the two paddlers wielded their long blades in unison, and the dugouts swung downstream in the center of the river, where the current was heaviest. When the murmurs of the rapids ahead were heard, it was but a moment until they grew into a roar, and then, in another, we were through, the man at the front standing up for an instant so that, with a twist of his paddle, he might turn the head of the boat from any threatening rock, while the stern man did not stroke at all, but merely held the craft on the course which was marked where the water tossed itself into foam-capped waves. Sometimes, as we came to rapids where the force of the water was especially strong, or there was a sharp double curve to be negotiated, the two boats would pause for a moment while Mataibo called out to the younger men the course to follow. Then into the falls, and through them, and our bow paddler would carefully rearrange his loin cloth and sit down once more to take up his steady stroking.

Opposite one village Sungi came in his boat to meet us, to give and receive a final gift, and say his goodbye. But it was not to the landing place of Dahomey that he took us for this interchange, but to the village of his wife, he told

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Chapter XVI

BAYO, THE PLAYBOY

1

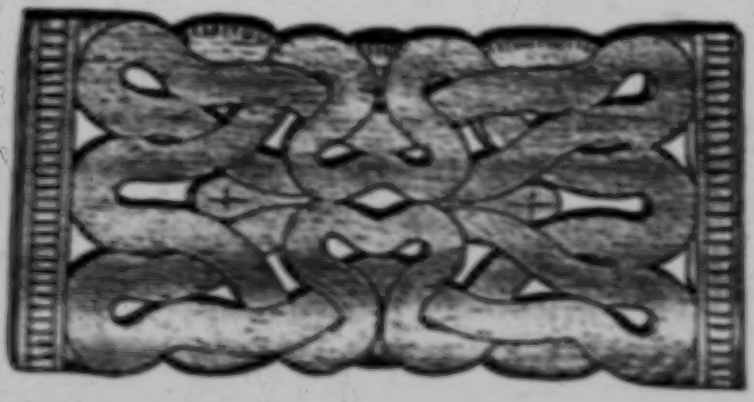
IT HAD been a day of hard travel, down the Mamadam, through the Musumba Prati, and down the long wearying stretch of quiet water until we reached the Tita Buka Falls. The memory of the up-river passage of these troubled stretches had not yet worn down sufficiently to allow of contemplating the downgoing without a measure of strain, but our anxiety turned to astonishment when the paddlers, skirting above the thunder of the water, steered the boats into a barely visible channel down which we floated by easy stages.

"Mati-o," said chief Mataibo to the young men, when we had made the singularly fine passage, "the gods are taking them with pleasure. We must do the same!"

Passing the Gran' Creek he prayed from midstream, calling on the spirit of the creek, whom he addressed as ancestor, to give us long life in our white man's country.

Now we were here at Djamungo, at Bayo's village where, if he were only there, we should be seeing a fine dance, and where, what at the moment was far more important for us, many sacred objects awaited us. Djamungo was a village about whose magic other villages on the river were uneasy.

"Bayo is at Gankwe waiting for you. He is helping the men haul lumber, but when he hears you are back, he will come," said a woman who came up saying she was his



Chapter Two

UPRIVER

EIGHT miles an hour the river moves, down long 153
stretches of rapids and fast water, over great rocks in the river-bed. Any sort of outboard motor would be torn to pieces. There is nothing to do but pole upstream in dugout canoes to the Djuka country.

Bush Negro boatmen, with glossy thighs and heaving 502
backs, stand at the bows. They plant their great ten-foot poles in the river-bed and pull against them. As the motion of the boat carries them past the planted poles, they walk back along the gunwales, pushing the poles to the extreme end. They are retrieved, whirled in a great arc, and again planted in the river-bed. This makes a rare picture in the sunlight on

[for caption, see category 27 ii, p.200.--Analyst]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

the river—the glinting light on the black skins, shining with sweat and spray, and the veined muscles that roll and subside as the dripping pole goes down, first one end and then the other, into the yellow water. Hour after hour they strain their bodies against the bending poles. Without warning a heavy tropical downpour will blanket the river with sheets of rain, but the *corials* (canoes) go on. When the rain stops the hot sun quickly dries the black skins.

All along the river the foliage towers upward from the water's edge. Great trees rear high their masses of limbs and verdure. Going upstream the boatmen stay close to the bank, for there the current, checked by myriads of roots, is not so swift. Often the men can reach out of the corial and touch the foliage. In sharp contrast with this green is the brown colour of the muddy stream. The sunlight glares on the surface, except where the overhanging wall of trees throws a shade upon the water. The black boatmen blend in with the yellow river, the green foliage, and the metallic sky.

Parrots scream overhead. A pair of scarlet macaws cackle at each other. Leaping fish shimmer in the sunlight, falling back into the river with a white splash. Buts from underneath logs, disturbed by human intrusion, disappear into the bank a hundred feet ahead. The corials are eyed intently by parrakeets feeding high up in the air, perched on tree limbs along the bank. Little black and white swallow-like skimmers scurry over the water just forward of the bow, which keeps pushing on through the white riffles. Huge water-fowl flap their wide wings and sail gracefully away.

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

something like bass, but with undershot thick jaws and heavy teeth. They run six to eight inches long and seldom weigh more than half a pound. But they travel in schools and attack simultaneously, so that any flesh in the water, human or otherwise, with a bloody surface exposed, is torn to pieces in a short time. If a bush-hog is killed and suspended in the water, the smell of blood attracts these fish; in an incredibly short space of time the carcass is wholly devoured.

The Djukas have learned to be wary of this fish. On one occasion, when trading for a drum at an Aucaner village, the blacks handed the drum out to the corial on a long pole, rather than step a few feet into the water. Despite this fear, in poling upstream it is frequently necessary for the paddlers to get out of the canoe in water up to their armpits and forcibly drag it over the rocks. On such occasions their courage is immediate and unfailing. They enter the water, knowing that pirayа may be present. There is no other way of getting the boats over rock-studded pieces of fast water, where paddles are useless and poles insufficient. They jump out into the river, taking the chance of having pieces of flesh excised from their limbs.

Fear of this fish prevents constant bathing in all parts of the river. Now, however, after a long hot trip, the lure of a cool bath in the fresh flowing water overcomes the bahkra's caution, but the Djukas, as soon as they have grasped the white man's intention, will not permit him to enter the water. They gesticulate violently, waving him back with rapid and excited words—no, no, he cannot go in—pirayа, pirayа! He is